

Tennessee's Oldest
Preparatory School
Founded in 1806

The BELL RINGER

"From day to day, 'till
the last syllable of
recorded time."

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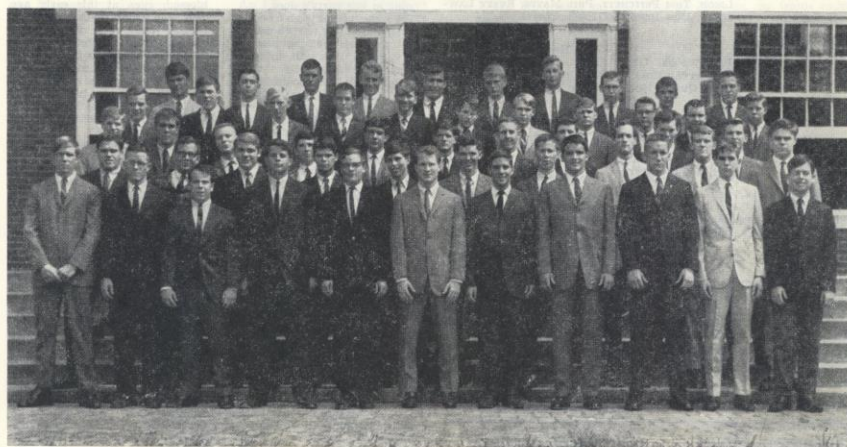
BELL TOLLS FOR CLASS OF '64

Class of '64 Graduates!

As we, the Class of 1964, complete our high school years here at M.B.A., we realize the great privilege that has been ours in that we have attended such an outstanding school. We certainly owe a great deal to this institution which has given us so much, but at the same time we want to feel that we have given something of significant value to M.B.A. The Class of '64 has indeed set an outstanding record at Montgomery Bell Academy—academically, athletically, and in all other forms of activity that are a part of a student's life at M.B.A.

First of all, this year's graduating class has done much toward furthering the ideals of academic achievement—the most important phase in preparing for college. Last fall, six seniors were recognized for outstanding academic ability by being named National Merit Scholarship Finalists. These boys are Jimmy Baldwin, Mike Horner, Bill Bramham, Mike Brandon, Jim Lowenthal, and John Stiffer. This class has also done extremely well in a number of academic contests sponsored by teachers in Tennessee high schools. This year John Stiffer won first place in the State of Tennessee in the fourth-year division of the National High School French Contest. Kirk Todd also competed in the fourth-year division of this contest. Kirk, who studied at the College Sevanol in France last year, made one of the highest fourth-year scores ever recorded in Tennessee but was disqualified because he was the only student in the category for contestants who had studied abroad. This year's seniors have also done very well in the Tennessee State Math Contest each year, helping the Math Team to become the outstanding team at the Peabody District for the past two years.

Outstanding athletic records have also been a significant part of the achievements of the Class of '64. De Thompson and Phil Husband have both been selected to the Banner and Tennessee All-city Football teams. Other boys who have led the Big Red to a pair of 8-2-1 seasons in 1962 and 1963 include Tupper Morehead and Ric Worden, two of the best tackles in the NFL, Fred Billings, Jim Ezell. In basketball, Steve Trautman and Captain Frank Bass have led a constantly-improving team to a promising future. Tupper Morehead, Bill Harwell, Don Wells, Jimmy Baldwin, and Bill Fanning (who placed in the state meet this year) have been mainstays of the wrestling team for the past four years. The M.B.A. track team has featured such standouts as hurdler Bobby Harwell, Phil Husband (who holds the school record for the shot put), Allen Lentz, Jim Ezell, Webb Harwell, Mike Moody, De Thompson, and Fred Billings. These last three boys, together with Jim Daniel of last year's senior class, set the school record in the two-mile relay. Leslie Bedford, Gordon Smith, and Tommy Forehand have been valuable assets to the Big Red baseball team. Finally, the M.B.A. tennis team, perennial NIL Champs, has been led by seniors Frank Bass, Jim Braden, and Steve Trautman.



THE CLASS OF '64

Mrs. Pat Leaves the Hill



As most of you already know, Mrs. Patterson plans to leave the school in June. The news of her imminent departure has been quite a shock to the entire school. Probably no one connected with M.B.A. is more highly respected than Mrs. Patterson. As evidence of her deep loyalty, devotion, and service to the school, Mrs. Patterson was recently tapped for Totomoi, the highest honor a student, teacher, alumnus, or friend of M.B.A. can receive. Mrs. Patterson is the first lady ever to be awarded this recognition.

Mrs. Patterson was born and has lived most of her life in Nashville. She attended Glenn Grammar School; East High School, where she was an honor student; and Watkins Business College, where she studied secretarial work. After several years of work as a secretary in a bank, she married in 1942. She then lived a few months in Chicago and Philadelphia, while her husband was in the armed forces. Upon her return to Nashville, she was asked to help with some secretarial work at M.B.A. by Mr. John Ferguson, Treasurer of the Board, for whom she had worked at First American National Bank. Mrs. Patterson accepted, and she has worked here at M.B.A. almost continuously since 1943.

Mrs. Patterson lives in Madison and commutes daily to her work at school. Her son, Davis, now attends M.B.A. in the seventh grade; she also has a daughter who is a sophomore at Madison

High School. Mrs. Patterson attends Eastminster Presbyterian Church.

Mrs. Patterson has said that moving to Colorado Springs, her future home, was a very big and important decision. After a lifetime in Nashville and a deep attachment to her work at school, she was reluctant to leave. Her husband, however, has secured a new job there which is very promising. It deals with some recently-developed form of electronic printing and computing and is just what he would like to do. With such an opportunity at hand, the only decision she could make was to leave Nashville in hopes of a very successful future for her husband. Mrs. Patterson intends to leave sometime in June.

She has said that these years at M.B.A. have been among the happiest in her life, that it was a "pleasure" and a "privilege" to work here, and that she has "enjoyed it thoroughly." She has also stated that she may enter into similar school work in Colorado.

Many people that I have heard have expressed their feelings, half jokingly, half truthfully, that "Mrs. Patterson runs the school." Perhaps this statement is exaggerated; but surely Mrs. Patterson, who seems to know about everything concerned with minor problems and major difficulties around the school, who always seems to know what is happening where, when, and how, creates order out of the chaos and confusion of our many activities at school.

To replace Mrs. Patterson, three ladies will handle our secretarial and financial affairs: Mrs. N. T. Trowbridge, who is in charge of the secretarial work; Mrs. John D. Currey, who works on book-keeping and assists in the office; and Mrs. O. J. McKeen, Mrs. Patterson's sister, who will work part-time in the office. Mrs. Patterson is now acquainting these ladies with their new work.

We shall all, students and faculty alike, miss Mrs. Patterson greatly, but we can never begin to thank her enough for her services to the school. We can only wish her the best of luck to find happiness and success in her new life.

Alex Nicholson

Commencement Day

The ninety-seventh annual commencement proceedings take place on May the thirtieth at Brownlee O. Currey Gymnasium.

The program will feature the graduation of fifty-three seniors and fifty-one members of the Junior School.

Also, numerous awards will be presented to outstanding members of the student body. These include awards given to those students judged the outstanding citizens of their classes, awards made by faculty members to those students whose grades are the highest in each subject, and an award to the boy judged the outstanding athlete in the school.

The proceedings begin at ten o'clock. It is hoped that all students and interested parents and alumni will attend.

Todd Wins Echols Scholarship

Kirk Todd, eminent senior scholar, has recently won an Echols Scholarship to the University of Virginia. This program is specifically designed to challenge and stimulate exceptionally able students. Echols Scholars are selected on the basis of high College Board scores and outstanding secondary school records and represent the most able among the entering class. These students have the opportunity to enter special or more advanced sections of certain courses. A particularly valuable feature of the program is its flexibility. The course of study is tailored to his individual interests and abilities. Electives open to him during the first two years enable him to pursue special fields of interest or to broaden some area of general knowledge. Second-year Echols Scholars, in addition to his regular courses, may elect to conduct an independent research project within the framework of a research seminar. Participation in the Echols Program is by invitation and open only to students in the College of Arts and Sciences. It is with great pride that THE BELL RINGER salutes Kirk Todd for his fine achievement.

The BELL RINGER

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Freshman News

This is the last time our Freshman class article will be coming to you this year and I know it is a great heartbreak to you. I also know it will be hard for everyone to leave the mud-covered walls of M.B.A. and get out for the summer holidays. The latest news was the great combo party the fresh class had after the spring vacation. Famous quotes at that party were:

A: "Fort, quit fooling around with the instruments and get your tie on."

B: "Hey buddy, this is a private party."

C: "Kill Gorrell!"

A very sad side of the freshman news is that our biggest guy in the freshman class was struck in the chin (forced to have 7 stitches) with a boomerang. This magnificent intellect was the one and only **BUDDY BUTTS!**

The freshman superlatives are as follows:

Best dressed: Clay Shwab

Best speaker: Ken Johnson

Most intelligent: Jack Buchanan

Best track star: David Wallace

Biggest Bull: Butts!

Wittiest: Benny Meeks Hal Ha!

Now looking back through the past year we have a few unanswered questions:

A. What was Holman's speech about?

B. What happened at the hayride?

C. What ever happened to "Machine Gun Marlowe"?

To end the year on a sour note, here are the class superlatives, the people who throughout the year have excelled at something besides nothing, which everyone does best:

Best Looking—Buddy Sanders

Best Golfer—Archie Arnold

Friendliest—John Word and Jay Bowen

Most Sick Humor—Bill Lauderdale

Best Florida Sun Tan—Buddy Sanders

Most Ornamental—David Banks

Best Baseball Player—David Banks

Best Shakespearean Actor—Charlie Kantor

Congratulations to: Charlie Kantor for his batting average

Elliott Jones for his earned-run average

David Banks for his superb clowning and general waste of time

The freshman golf "teams"

Emulations to Archie Arnold, who didn't take any Latin this year.

Separate congratulations to

Soph. Class News

The Mark of the Vampire by Edgar Allen Aargott with assistance from Estwyne Once upon a Saturday dreary, the Sophomores revelled weak and weary, In many a quaint and excessive volume of chlorine, While they nodded, nearly napping, because the party so boring, Suddenly there came a tapping, knocking, rapping, socking, slapping at our party's door, "Tis some visitor" quote Sisk, "tapping at our party's door."

Only this and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly, I recall, midst the combo's noisy squall,

Each separate couple strained its ear, midst bubbling of good cheery cheer,

To hear the shriek: "M. R.'s here," Eagerly Hoot tossed him out—(the dirty, rotten, filthy lout!)

As we gazed, surmise of gladness, Pondering, pondering on his badness,

Down went the rare and radiant person whom the classmates called "/781"

This he was and nothing more.

Midst the silken Saturn's notes, Geoff went at the intruder's throat (and hit the mark)

Thrilled us, filled us, with sadistic thoughts never thought before,

While that hairy tail was smashing, Woodie heaved him out the door.

Quoth Mark Rodgers, "Nevermore!"

Be that word our sign of parting, "Bird or finks!", we shrieked, upstarting,

"Get thee back to the tempest and Battle Ground's Plutonium Shore!"

Leave no black plume as a token of the party thy soul hath broken,

Leave the Scoville's glass unbroken,

Let us see you off the floor!

Get yourself up, nevermore!

Hail to thee, blithe spirit,

Soph thou never wert!

Besides the rain, and the clorox instead of water in the pool, and other than the food, the combo, and the members of the class, the sophomore class outdoor party was great, other than the intruder.

Returning to our intellectual vain, (note to editor: vain to be spelled vain!) (Second note to editor: 1 note not to be printed, nor is this one.)

Congratulations to the math contest winners, Joe Strayhorn, George Appfel, Felix Aargott, and Alex Nicholson.

Now for the headline of the year:

Felix Has A Girl!

Who is the voluptuous news-maker? This lucky girl's name is—Melba Toast! She is a beautiful combination of brains, charm, ears, a nose, teeth, a little hair, skin, fingers, several eyes, and a leg. She is 6' 5" and weighs 92 pounds. She has natural athletic ability, too. She was drafted by the Brooklyn Packers as a flag pole for their sandlot. In spite of all her social activities as debutante of the year, Melba sustains a brilliant 42 average at Battle Ground Academy for Anemic Women. We congratulate Felix for his excellent choice.

See you next year when we'll be Seniors in the Junior School!

Nom de Plume

FROSH (Cont'd.)

Arnold for making the varsity golf team (4th), playing in a match and then letting some others try to win.

The freshman golf team's fine average of .500 can be improved upon next year. Although it hasn't played any matches, they've won just as many as they've lost, and that is a .500 average.

Thus ends a year of interesting, and well written articles by the News Staff of our paper. I would really like to thank Moats and Holman for their great contributions to the paper. See you next year in the Sophomore column, I hope!

"We're through"

—the Srs.

Jr. Class News

Nashville (VIP)—The annual Estwyne McCartney award for the outstanding Junior of the year was presented last night at Olympia. It went this year to Thomas Carroll Howell, a truly outstanding Junior. This boy, who was born and raised in Nashville, entered Parmer School at the age of six. He attended this school for six years before entering M.B.A. in the seventh grade. His reputation, personality, and genius started to blossom even at this early age. The high points of his career at Parmer both came in the sixth grade. One was his infamous spoil charge at Shank's house. The other summit was reached when he had his first date (with Jeanne Nelson—I say this only for Lee's sake). He really started to swing at this Hillwood combo party.

However, new horizons were opened for Tom because of his entrance into M.B.A. at the age of twelve. His personal highlight of the 7th grade was his selection by Mr. Novak as Trouble-Maker of his class. The apex of the 8th grade came when Mrs. Carter gave him an extra star in history or when Miss Thompson awarded him the prize of Latin king of the month. His greatest achievement of the 9th grade was his selection as most likely to become a bee-keeper. However, he has never fully realized his full potential here. With the 10th grade came his award from Mrs. Campbell for being her favorite debator for the year. Now, he has climbed the staircase of success into the sublime realm of Juniorhood.

We will now have a brief discussion on Tom Howell—the junior and the Golden Bohemoth.

First, of all, he is a Junior of high character and outstanding achievement. He also invented Mickey Bod. This is enough for everyone.

But wait, the greatest act ever committed by man was performed by our man, Tom. Not only did he found Bohemia, but greater still, he invented their symbol, the flying dihedral. This feared creature has swept up women ranging from freshmen to seniors. It has been proven to be effective for experts within a period of five seconds. What more can one ask? Tom Howell is our hero.

The Junior Class in all its activities has sparked this year. We started the school year by again electing new teachers.

Our main discovery was that English III, Modern History, Chemistry, Physics, French III, and Plane Geometry were hard. We also developed an acute disgust or disenchantment with our teachers.

We enjoyed a successful year of activities all year. Outstanding Juniors on the football team were Lee Noel, Hunter Husband, Tom Weaver, Cliff Sobel, Bob Ligon, Butch Hoover, Ed Anderson, Rick Evans, Tom Lucas, John Shapiro, Pat Woods, and Pat Patrick. The basketball team has as keen as Joel Farrish, Lee Noel, and Hunter Husband on it. The tennis, baseball, and track squads contained innumerable Juniors, and also Jack Judd.

Our social status was probably the high point of the year. We had numerous class parties (one). Yet, dating situation was the important thing. Lee Noel, our revered president, finally went on to better things (if you know what I mean). Frank Stevens, our passive vice-president, is still stuck.

Hunter Husband, our athletic secretary, still snobs the girls occasionally. Gene Shanks, the eternal treasurer, is still asking Stevens and Fox who to get a date with over the weekend. Ed Anderson, honorable Honor Council member, is in a similar situation to Stevens. Pat Patrick, dishonorable Honor Council member, after a brief Floridian episode is back in the fold. And, last but not least, Rick Evans, our noted Forensics Honor Council member, is dating?

Some of the other affairs include—Woods with the Crawfish, Reynolds and Fox in the Fire, Mulligan in the Fog, Howell and

Parrish caught the Fish, Fort has the Debutante, Geny and the 1964 Valedictorian's sister, and Ligon still buys gas at Phillips 66.

During the year, we Juniors have accumulated many signs and symbols—most of which are initials: TIOB, CS, Typical, chrome it, Big O, ΔTCC, Rufus, Nadine, Potassium, CPI, wong, shwhomp, TSP, CPI, LSMFT, Bula Bula, Big MB, Basic Anions, Estwyne, Mickey Bod, Golden Bohemoth, Berry Hill Industrials, and last but not most Boom Boom. (This list submitted by John Fort and Gary Fox.)

For Sale

Harley-Davidson motorcycle. Excellent condition. 3-speed transmission. Maroon and black. Headlight, horn, tires, spare, and all conceivable accessories. See John Fort for further information. (His daddy rides a Honda.)

Junior Superlatives

Best all-around: Dennis Schrader

Best athletic: Burton Rice

Friendliest: Sam Herbert (All Juniors being snobs, we had to go above to get a really friendly guy)

Biggest social lion: Grant Smithson (Juniors stay at home.)

Best Exchange student: Chip Moore

Biggest Bull Artist: Norman Carl

Biggest Gold Brick: Rick Evans and John Williams

Most Intelligent: Hank Davis

Most Likely to Succeed: Easy Ed McGavock

Bringing up the rear: Richard Cooper and Whit Fletcher

The Juniors recently received their College Board aptitude test scores. Here are a few anonymous comments:

"I quit."

"I'm getting a job in a gas station."

"Who do you write to get into Elmer P. Scroggins Beauty College?"

Special congratulations go the Lee Noel who has been elected for membership in Totomol.

Cliff Sobel is has been tapped president of the H-Y Club. Other officers are Pat Woods, Vice-president; Bob Ligon, secretary treasurer; and Rick Evans, Chaplain.

The Juniors' 5th period Lunch Armored Division recently acquired new equipment in the form of a fully armed 4768 Panzer TANK. The tank is capable of firing three projectiles. The estimated cost was 254 + 3 Eskimo Pie wrappers.

Who Remembers?

Miss Morris sitting on her desk? Old study hall?

Mrs. Pat's old office? Assembly in the gym?

Study hall in the gym? The Ryan game of '62?

Todd before France? The bird in Mr. Poston's study hall seat?

The Word Wealth test the first day

Pulliam poked the fish eye? Easy Ed?

When Fred stayed awake in class? Lucian's goody bar?

Elan's freshman speech? The Soph class party at Todd's?

Mooty and Lowen's chemistry experiment?

Coach Woodruff?

Damon Beard keeping study hall?

Teachers Heard

Mrs. Sims: Sr's, there will be no talking in study hall.

Mr. Rule: Of course it can be solved, do you think I'd make a mistake on my mid-term exam...uh...wait a minute.

Dr. Sager: Now who missed this beside Fanning?

Mrs. Lowry: And he was his for and he joined the army and there are the four reasons.

Mr. Stapleton: Well, boys and girls.

Mr. Poston: Let me ask Mrs. L., I don't know how she wants it done.

Mr. Edmonds: Gentlemen, you would not believe what a Canoe does to the ladies.

The Eighth Impossible

I wrote everything in the last paper when the last paper wasn't the last paper! Oh, well, here's some entertainment that will take up some space.

Pranonyms:
Thompson—"The 409 Kid"
DeMoss—"The Miner"
Cooper—"Skinny" and Tojo"
McMurray—"Tough Hood that can whip Tojo"
Conn—"C. C. Class Clown"
Coulter—"Couger"
Dyer—"The T. D. M. Terror" and Reeky
Brannum and Baugh—"The McMurray Terrors"
Page—"The Blob"
Byrd—"Shorty"
Parker—"Hoody"
Bottiggi—"Bogreasy"
Pitts—"Jumpin' Joe"
Caldwell—"Shylock"
Rose—"Sweetie Boy"
Buntin—"The Mad Artist"

And now for some pathetic quotes:

Thompson—"Whoops! I gotta joke!"
Kennon—"Ha, ha, ha!"
Sanders—"Shut up, Conn!"
Conn—"???"
Brannum—"Conn, you ____ed on the wrong English book!"
McMurray—"Gee, I'm cool!"
Hutchison—"My sister's cooler than yours."
Caldwell—"Sorry, ____ Mom doesn't want you over."
Frost—"... duh ..."
DeMoss—"I been workin' on the ____."

Now I would like to fill up some space, I mean ... or congratulate the great men on our he-man softball group coached by Mr. Edmonds. We have played three games against Ensworth and have won one. Here is a recording of an interview with the thrower, Captain Head. Mr. Head would you please give a statement to the press? You will? Okay, Shoot! "Hahahahahaha!" You can now see what kind of team we have. Here are the starters:

thrower: The Head Man
catch: Butane
first: Growdee
second: Suggs
short: Tomzen
left: Rat
right: Studley
center: Alleynone

Now for some congrats to whoever wants them:

1. T.D.M., for his coordination.
2. Kennon, for his academic achievements.
3. Caldwell, for his, uh... well, oh skip it.
4. Buntin, for his fifty-three with dual Allison's.
5. Page, for his 100 yard dash time of 59 min., 59.9 sec.
6. Thompson, for nothing.
7. Bottiggi, for his greasy nose.
8. Brannum and Baugh, for getting "D. M."
9. Reeky, cuz he's a good guy.

Alleynone
P. S. If you do not like this article send your complaints and three Cheerios boxtops to:

Complaints
Care of Alleynone
Box 426
Shanklin Alley, Tennessee

"Ask not
for whom the
Bell tolls—
it tolls
for thee."

The Slash

Yay! We're out! We've graduated! (Most of us, anyway.) It's all over except for the "Biggies." We have a few parting remarks to make, however, before we go our sordid several ways down the razor blade of life (catch that Lowryism?).

It's been six years for most of us. Six years of cherished memories dear to our hearts. My eyes get misty as I remember with fondness the ghoulish grin of Mrs. Lowry as she handed back themes; the sparkling faces waiting in expectation as the demerit sheet was posted; the fatherly remarks of Mr. Stapleton, "Buttrey you little wisecracker, get out of my sight!"; and who remembers with nostalgia when Mr. Matlock, "Uncle Charley" to the boys, used to throw erasers at his students (erasers when he ran out of books); remember when a student offered to polish the cranium of one seventh grade teacher, what ever happened to that boy? Anybody recall when Slippery Sam was a quiet unpretentious boy, when Les could tell a joke and get laughs, Todd as the boy who was afraid of girls, Buttrey when he drank milk, Downey when he was proud of an 80 theme, Farrell without Lucus, little Tupper Morehead when he wore a size 8 shoe, girls when they said, "Who's Bruce Orman?" Mrs. Carter's motherly chats about girls at Ensworth, and how about good ole Mr. Nicholson, who required a *Catcher in the Rye*, and who, if anybody, remembers Bill without Van Leer? It's been a long six years, but in years to come it will seem like fleeting seconds.

In the last issue we saluted Rusty Davis as Senior of the Month. This time we are saluting Kenny Agee as our Senior of the Month. Kenny, sometimes known as "Hud" for various reasons, has been at M.B.A. since he was a freshman. He has contributed much to M.B.A. in the way of Sports, being on the Football Team, the Water Pistol Team, and the Table-smashing Team. On the varsity football team for the past two years, Ken has been an important part of the line. On the water pistol team he has participated in intramural competition this year, being one of the students who introduced the sport to M.B.A. Probably his best game all season was his closing game against Fanning, Downey, and Todd, in which Ken, grossly outnumbered and outgunned, still managed to defend himself admirably and succeeded in temporarily disabling Fanning's machine gun. Third, Ken has quickly become the outstanding player on the team in the newest sport at M.B.A., table smashing. Admittedly, we have had only one table-smashing match this year, but it was evident in this match that Ken was the outstanding player.

Not limiting his interests to sports, Ken finds time to participate extensively in numerous other demanding activities at M.B.A.: he is in the Hi-Y Club.

Ken displays his form.



Ken displays his form.

Now, we would like to call attention to the Montgomery Bell Academy Museum which the Class of '64 has founded. This museum

is dedicated to the purpose of preserving for the public various objects, artifacts, etc., which have been a part of our great heritage. The list of objects presently in the M.B.A.M. collection includes the following:

A water machine-gun, donated by Bill Fanning.
An I.D. card, donated by Steve Trautman.

A Spanish book, donated by Gordon Smith.

A book of Emily Dickinson's love poems, donated by Kirk Todd and a friend of his.

A record of Old English Ballads, sung by Mrs. Lowry and various members of her A.P. Class and featuring "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," donated by Mike Mooty.

A photostat copy of John Stiller's mid-term English exams, donated by the "Fathers of Ben."

The basketball with which Rusty Davis made his 100th point in Hi-Y competition, donated by his fan club.

The chapstick with which Kirk Todd made his one millionth point in Home Room competition, donated by the M.B.A. Chapstick Association.

A glass table-top, donated by Kenny Agee.

Next, as part of the extensive sports coverage provided by this column, we would like to present the final standings in a few Senior Sports:

Finger Football:	
Bill Fanning	W L
John Stiller	11 5
Kirk Todd	9 7
Frank Greenlee	8 8
David Buttrey	5 8
Jimmy Baldwin	3 8

Chapstick:	
Kirk Todd	W L
Kenny Agee	7 2
Bill Fanning	3 2
Rodney Downey	4 5
	1 2

Getting to math class on time:

De Thompson	W L
Mike Mooty	168 2
Jim Lowenthal	164 6
Kirk Todd	157 13
Bill Fanning	150 20
Tupper Morehead	141 29
Rusty Davis	132 38
Fred Billings	21 149

(Note: People who usually get to class on time are not included in this competition. Also note: Each loss listed above is counted as a win for Dr. Sarger.)

Another interesting game we played this year was called Getting Into College. Counting each acceptance by a college as a win and each rejection as a loss, our record was something like 81-143. Some of us had less difficulty than others, and some of us actually found ourselves in the remarkable position of being able to tell one or more colleges that we had decided not to go there, even though we were accepted. In such a case we were asked to write to those particular colleges and inform them of our decisions. Here follows a sample of such a letter, written in much the same tactful way that some colleges have written to certain ones of us:

Harding Road
M.B.A.
Nashville, Tenn.

Office of Admissions
Podunk College
Collegietown, U.S.A.

Dear Sir:

It is with sincere regret that I must inform your office that I am unable to include you among those colleges to which I will make a final application of acceptance.

After careful, individual attention was given to each of the colleges to which I first applied, I was compelled to choose only one. Student activities, scholastic requirements and curriculum were compared, discussed and studied

Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1964

We, the Class of 1964, are now graduating from M.B.A. We hope that it may be said that we have left some significant contributions to our alma mater. Now we leave one thing more: our Last Will and Testament.

We, the graduating class of '64, being of sound mind and ... oh well, anyway, we leave the following:

I, Ken Agee, leave my water pistols and my soaking wet shirts to whoever takes my place next year as Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Powers.

I, Jim Baldwin, leave my complete collection of Cliff's Notes to Mike Dyers.

I, Frank Bass, leave my red hair, my freckles, my tennis racket, my basketball ability, and everything else for which I have become famous, to Greer Cummings.

I, Doug Beauchamp, leave my wide store of knowledge to the newly-formed Beauchamp International Encyclopedia Foundation.

I, Leslie Bedford, leave, not knowing where I have been.

I, Bill Berry, leave my three-legged chair to Dr. Sager.

I, Fred Billings, leave my gullibility to Lee Noel.

I, Jim Braden, leave (I hope).

I, Bill Bramham, leave my harem to the Eighth Grade.

I, Mike Brandon, leave my fabulous ideas to the betterment of the world.

I, Bill Browder, leave Van Leer anxiously awaiting my return.

I, Chuck Burns, leave Ann's Mustang regretfully.

I, David Buttrey, leave 5000 assorted Bibles to the M.B.A. Library.

I, Mike Davis, leave my incisors to the Pepsodent Company.

I, Lee Davis, leave for the land of Ross Barnett and James Meredith.

I, Rusty Davis, leave my Bob Cousy Fan Club membership card to Mr. Edmonds.

I, Rodney Downey, leave my sandbox to Edward Albee.

I, John Dunn, leave my black leather boots to Mr. Smith.

I, Roy Elam, leave my fluent speech to my brother.

I, Jim Ezzell, leave my innumerable hair styles to Mr. Poston.

I, Bill Fanning, leave my novel discoveries in mathematics to Mr. Stapleton.

I, Lou Farrell, leave my fishing pole to Tom Lucas.

I, Tommy Forehand, leave my amazing wit to Mr. Rule.

I, Willis Gabbitts, leave as inconspicuously as possible.

I, Frank Greenlee, leave my hair to the bewildered and frustrated Brylcreem Company.

I, Mike Harrell, leave my PGA trophy to Bill Bradley.

I, Bob Harwell, leave my bruised *gluteus maximus* to next year's hurdler.

I, Webb Harwell, leave the lab for a breath of fresh air.

I, Bill Harwell, leave my Strom Thurmond-for-President button to Mr. Welsh.

I, Sam Herbert, leave my merry, boisterous laughter to Bill Olson.

I, Matt Horner, leave Mrs. Lowry still wishing I were in her A.P. class.

I, Phil Husband, leave my good looks to Hunter.

I, Stuart Keathley, leave my raised hand in math class to Riley Carls.

I, Bob King, leave my All-state motorscooter to John Fort.

I, Allen Lentz, leave my permanent Health Club membership to Jay Wallace.

I, Jim Lowenthal, leave Mrs. Campbell extremely angry every time I see her.

I, Clyde Merryman, leave my beautiful blond hair to Tony Fort.

I, Mike Mooty, leave my NAACP card to Grant Smithson.

I, Tupper Morehead, leave my shoes to the United States Navy.

I, John B. Morris, leave my marked poker deck to some financially unstable junior.

I, Bruce Orman, leave fourteen Torso T-shirts and three gallons of Instant Snow to Brugh Reynolds.

I, Quen Pulliam, leave my hairy chest to John Williams.

I, Hanley Sayers, leave Farrell to fend for himself.

I, Paul Sexton, leave a well-beaten path to the bridge.

I, Bill Smead, leave my amazing tongue to the biology lab.

I, Gordon Smith, leave my badminton racket to the Purity Milk Company.

I, Jim Stanford, leave John Bloodworth with nobody to pick on.

I, John Stiller, leave my curly hair to Mr. Edmonds.

I, De Thompson, leave my rose-colored glasses to Ed Anderson.

I, Kirk Todd, leave my Spaceman Notebook to Bill Kennon.

I, Steve Trautman, leave by Acme Toothpick Company stock to Mark Wilson.

I, Don Wells, leave for Paris.

I, Ric Worden, leave this cold, ephemeral, trivial world for greater understanding of life.

More of The Slash

in detail. Rejection under these circumstances does not necessarily mean that I feel your university could not meet my scholastic demands.

At the same time, I must say that this action and decision is final. Your office should not, however, interpret this action as a lack of confidence in your standing as an institution of higher learning.

I know that this letter will be a very great disappointment to you, and I can only say again that I am deeply sorry that I cannot send you better news. I am grateful for your interest in my future, and wish you every success in the challenging years ahead.

Sincerely yours,
Harry Highschool

And now, here are the final selections for Faculty Superlatives:

Most Intelligent:

Most Altruistic: Mrs. Carter

Most Likely to Succeed: Miss Dragnich

Biggest Bull Artist: Mrs. Lowry

Best Dressed: Mrs. Hollins

Wittiest: Dr. Sager

Most in Love: (Oh well, we couldn't possibly get this one past the censor.)

Most Popular: Mrs. Patterson

Biggest Social Lion: Mr. Rule

Before we terminate this column forever, we would like to present the Official Poem for the Class of 1964:

Wherever you may go—
To the land of the nightingale, to
the world of the imagination,
To the mysterious lagoon of
Arsat, or to the lifeless ocean—
Remember:

You must suffer, as did suffer Job
on the quaterdeck,
Gregor on the ashpole,
Ahab in front of the temple,
Macbeth with the albatross
around his neck,
Michael Henchard in the lagoon,
Oedipus in the belly of the
whale,
And Hester with her club-foot;
And as you suffer,
Learn to have the milk of human
kindness,
To stay out of the petty pace,
And to be a part of the Electric
Chain of Human Sympathy.

COMMENTS

Assembly Speakers

Pete Carmen, who graduated from MBA in 1960 and who is now a junior at Harvard, spoke to the assembly about his adventures as he and other members of the Harvard Mountain-climbing Club scaled Mt. McKinley, the highest peak in all North America. Pete, exquisitely bearded, first told the assembly about mountain climbing techniques. Then with the aid of Mr. Meriwether and many excellent and amazing slides he depicted interestingly his ascent up Peter's Glacier and the never before attempted north face of Mt. McKinley. The assembly, still enthralled by the breath-taking slides, then asked Pete several questions. The entire student body thoroughly enjoyed Pete's superb program, which was, as well as being most entertaining, quite informative.

On April seventh, Rick King introduced Mr. Bill Gober, minister of youth at West End Methodist Church, who in turn introduced the renowned evangelist, Laurence Lacour, who was then engaged in an evangelistic mission centered at West End Methodist Church.

Dr. Lacour made an excellent talk, and after a brief bit of humor, began the main part of his outstanding speech—"How to play"—the rules of sportsmanship. He gave the student body a set of rules by which we should play the game of life. Worthy rules they indeed were: be fair and honest; play according not only to the scoreboard but also sportsmanship; be a good loser; be a good winner; always give your best; obey the rules; have special and private rules of your own suited only for you; give credit where credit is due; and, feel lovely, deeply, and worthily in life.

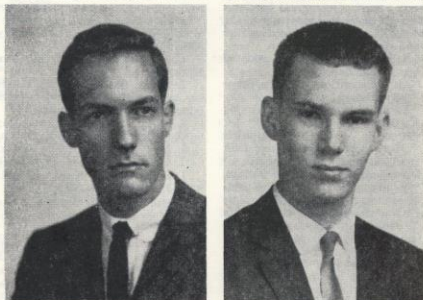
With the last point, Dr. Lacour added that our educational system needed to build more men with hearts and fewer machines. When we know these rules, Dr. Lacour urged, we must proceed in life and ask important questions: Who am I, why am I here, and where will I go after I am dead? If we ask these questions and live by these rules, the eloquent evangelist stated, we could lead full and worthwhile lives. Dr. Lacour then retold the story of Glen Cunningham, who built himself up after a seriously crippling accident and against all opinion and odds became an Olympic champion and did his best because he had a goal and real incentive. Dr. Lacour implied that we should follow the rules, ask the questions, have a worthy goal and deep incentive as he concluded his speech by calmly but emphatically saying, "Now you play the game." All the students were truly enriched by Dr. Lacour's superior speech and many will remember his words for long to come.

On April twenty-first, Kirk Todd introduced his distinguished grandfather, Dr. Henry Hill. Dr. Hill was formerly chairman of the school boards in Little Rock, Lexington, and Pittsburgh and is now chairman of the Nashville-Davidson County School Board and President Emeritus of Peabody College. Dr. Hill spoke on the important as well as interesting subject of "Difficulties are Opportunities."

Dr. Hill began his speech by discussing an incident that happened to him at the University of Virginia. It seems that he decided not to take a course which he had originally wanted to take because of certain of its requirements. Years later he met its instructor and Dr. Hill told him that he, long ago, had decided not to take the course. The instructor replied sternly, "I'm sorry about that. Anyone who refuses to meet difficulty has forever lost an opportunity for growth." Dr. Hill then urged us strongly to face up and meet difficulties head on. For instance, if you want to be an engineer and are bad in math, you

(Continued in col. 3)

Valedictorian Salutatorian



Mr. Carter, fellow students, faculty and friends of M.B.A.:

Today marks a most significant turning point in our lives. From this point we will be going onward to face life in new surroundings and with a somewhat new point of view. Each of us in this graduating class feels a sense of eager anticipation in this respect; in another respect, however, we feel a sense of sadness, as we look back and think of the way of life from which we must depart today. With this sadness there come many deep feelings.

As we, the Class of 1964, stand gathered here for the last time, we feel an appreciation for our fellow students in this school and—more particularly—in our class. Fifty-three of us have come together to form our own unique society here at M.B.A. For four years we have studied together, talked together, played together, thought together, and grown together. We are gradually beginning to realize that from now on we shall no longer engage in these activities together; but as we separate, we shall take with us the memory of this society, in which we have learned the value of a friend.

Another feeling we are experiencing is a growing understanding of the meaning of our years here at Montgomery Bell Academy. All our activities here have contributed to our growing; the excitement of football and basketball games; the last-minute cramming for tests; the rush to meet deadlines for the paper and the annual; sledding on "snow holidays"; lively class discussions; talks with our teachers; plays by the Dramatics Club; conversations at lunch. Each of these activities has had two purposes: first, it has had a purpose in itself, simply as something which was "a duty" or was "fun" or "had to be done." Second, it has been a small part of a larger purpose: to grow through experience. These two purposes together have been, for us, life.

Within each of us is the realization—deeply felt, but hard to explain—that we have completed today the first major phase of our growth: the phase in which we have grown under the secure shelter of parents and teachers, who, with care and close attention, have guided us. This atmosphere is something we leave behind us as we go on to college, to learn to provide or own shelter. Certainly, then, we have a feeling of deepest thanks—to you, our parents; to you, our teachers; and to you, the friends of Montgomery Bell Academy. You have provided us with the highest ideals of our young life; you have given us a place—a school—in which to learn to become men. For all these things we thank you.

Mr. Carter, members of the faculty, parents, students, and friends of M.B.A.:

We, the senior class of 1964, welcome you to the 97th commencement exercises of Montgomery Bell Academy, and we appreciate the interest which has brought you here.

As we are gathered here today, one cannot help wondering what the future holds for the class of '64. For most of us the immediate future means college. This fall members of our class will enter colleges and universities from Virginia to California, and from Massachusetts to Florida.

But what about the years to come, the years after our formal education has ended? All of us, I am sure, have personal goals in life. However, we all share a common goal—to become well-rounded citizens. This aim can best be reached through a liberal education. For as Thomas Henry Huxley wrote in his essay, "A Liberal Education," "That man . . . has had a liberal education . . . whose intellect is . . . clear, . . . whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; who . . . is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, . . . who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all villainy, and to respect others as himself." Truly, Huxley's liberally educated man has the makings of a well-rounded citizen.

However, we who have laid such an excellent foundation for life here at M.B.A. should strive for some goal even higher than that of becoming well-rounded citizens. We should each strive to do, as Tennyson said in "Ulysses," "Some work of noble note." We have a duty to our parents, our Lord, and ourselves to use the excellent training which we have received here at M.B.A. to its greatest limits and to our greatest potentialities. Let us hope that when the members of this class face our Maker on the final day of judgment, each of us may say proudly, as Ulysses did, "I am become a name."

Cont. from col. 1

have an obvious difficulty but must face up to it immediately. He told us to remember that there is no room at the bottom, we must use our personal resources and create opportunities from difficulties.

He closed with Leigh Hunt's excellent poem, *About Ben Adam*, that has a meaning that unites the whole speech. Dr. Hill's speech was indeed a well organized, well delivered and well received talk which clearly showed us why he is the influential man that he is today.

Tom Howell

Poems by JRS;

Red, Silver and Black

The train used to go by at 6:47
Every morning.
It had stopped at the station two
miles up the track
And it would not stop again
Until it reached Kingston.
It left the dog barking
And the ducks squawking
And a small brown bird fluttering
In the smoky air.

Now the train is gone.
It has been gone so long
That grass has grown over the
torn, twisted rails.
But every morning
The dog is still left barking
And the ducks are still left
squawking
And a small brown bird is still
left fluttering.
All in protest to a new noise that
fills the air,
Echoing across the scarred
hillsides.

Thunder and lightning wake the
flowers
By the stream;
Thunder and lightning—but the
only rain that falls
Is ashes
And burning bits of steel
That hiss when they land in the
water.

Banshee-like screams
Drown the weak rippling of the
stream
And the little chirpings of the
bird,
As silver specks with long white
tails

Spit red at each other,
And one silver speck
Becomes a wounded Titan,
Crashing to the earth from miles
above
And crumpling up
On the hard, baked ground
Covered with the fire-blackened
trunks
Of things that were once called
trees.

And the thunder rolls on;
And the dog wonders why there
is noise
But no train;
And the ducks wonder what these
hot pieces
Of metal are;

And a small, brown bird is left
fluttering in the
Smoky air,
Trying to remember a time
When a red rose smelled sweeter
Than the red fire
That mixes with silver steel
and black smoke
In the sky above.

Fifty-Three

Red plugfire,
Green and
Blue instead;
Roll on m'l swimming turbu-
lent—
Kining four-and-six under
mocker.
Slowly and misalligned,
As we dog no more ice,
Nor 16 Barbara
To ever.
Close, warm, neverways,
And truingistically seeing
01002 to UCSB through
We are beyond.

A Word From The Editor

As editor of this year's *BELL RINGER*, I would like to express my sincerest thanks to everyone who has contributed to the success of this publication during the past year. I hope that the student body will continue to support this paper, either by contributing worthwhile articles, editorials, poems, etc., to the *BELL RINGER* or simply by reading the various articles in the paper and offering constructive criticisms. I also hope that this year's paper has suc-

Forensic Club News

As in years past, the Montgomery Bell Academy Forensic Club has this year been both busy and successful. Thus it is fitting that we, in the last issue of the *BELL RINGER*, recognize the contribution of this organization in the past nine months. First, however, it must be noted that the activities and function of this club are so diverse that it would be an almost impossible task to mention all the awards earned this year. We shall attempt to relate only some of the highlights.

Of the many members of the Forensic Club, one of the most outstanding at this time is Jimmy Lowenthal. This year Jimmy, whose field is extemporaneous speaking, has done admirably well. His honors included 3rd place in the District meet of the Tennessee Dramatic League and 1st place in the B.G.A. and Central High School (Shelbyville) Forensic Tournament, as well as 1st place in the Mid-South Forensic Tournament at Vanderbilt. Much of the success of the club has resulted from his work.

However, there are others who have excelled. In the events sponsored by various organizations, Charles Scoville captured 2nd place in the Optimist Club Original Oratorical Contest and John Williams was 4th in the American Legion Oratorical Contest held in Murfreesboro. Buck Jones was 4th in declamation at the Mid-South Tournament. The affirmative debate team (Tom Howell and Rick Evans) finished 1st in the Isaac Litton Debate Tournament. Lastly, competing with other club members, Ian Ednie (Sophomore Contest) and Rick Evans (Junior-Senior Contest) were winners of the School Declamation Contest.

In concluding, we would like to again emphasize that this is not the total extent of the club's winnings, but it is certainly an indication that the Forensic Club and its Sponsor Mrs. Campbell will deserve our ardent praise and support.

Math Contest

This school year M.B.A. was well represented in the State Math Contest which was held at Peabody on April 21st. Our school sent twelve representatives to compete in this contest, and the results were very pleasing.

In Algebra I Billy Terry received third place as George Apple and Joe Strayhorn tied for third in Algebra II. Mark Wilson did an excellent job in Plane Geometry and also received a third place award.

Out of the 4,051 boys competing, four Montgomery Bell Academy students placed in the top fourteen finalists. Peabody had three finalists whereas Battle Ground Academy and John Overton High School had only one finalist each.

Two other boys from M.B.A. placed within the top ten in the state. Rick Evans placed seventh in the state and Gene Shanks placed eighth.

This was a fine year of competition in the State Math Contest and we did exceptionally well. The newspaper staff congratulates the participants from M.B.A.

Mike Mooty

Frank Stevens will serve as next year's editor of the *BELL RINGER*.